The Musical World.

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ERNST.

We observe that the director of the Beethoven Quartet Society has advertised an extra performance for the exclusive benefit of this great violinist, which will take place on Monday evening.

The announcement of this event affords us an opportunity of correcting a mistake which has prevailed, in reference to Herr Ernst's connection with the recent series of performances. He was not as has been stated, "*engaged*" to lead the quartets—but accorded his services, without any express conditions, agreeing to depend upon the result of the speculation for his share of the pecuniary proceeds. It is not the first time that the name of Ernst has been connected with motives so entirely disinterested. His wish was no doubt to sustain, by aid of his talent and influence, the fortunes of the Beethoven Quartet Society, in whose prosperity every true lover of art must feel sincerely interested. We have reason to believe that perfect success has crowned his expectations, and that next year, thanks to Ernst, the Society will re-commence proceedings on a new and enlarged basis.

RACHEL.

The greatest tragedian of our time, and probably of all time, has once more appeared among us. She has already played three of her finest parts at the St. James's Theatre, and as her engagement with Mr. Mitchell only extends to twelve performances, there are but nine chances remaining for those who have not been present to witness what they may never have another opportunity of witnessing. The impression produced by Rachel, at least upon ourselves, is without parallel in the range of dramatic performances. The most consummate of actresses, she does not act, but makes reality sublime by the intense earnestness of an impassioned and poetical temperament. Those who agree with us that Shakspere not only far surpasses the German, French, Italian, and Spanish dramatists, but the Greeks themselves, with their fate and their unities, will understand us when we say that what Rachel has done, having no Shakspere to inspire her, is little short of a miracle. She has laid a sacrifice on the altar of a cold religion, and by the power of her genius has brought down the fire from heaven that makes the world believers. In her, faith is inherent. Full of her subject, she throws her whole soul into it. Whatever she touches becomes pregnant, and brings forth meaning, that, but for her, might have lain dormant and speechless. Of all known theatres, the most frigid, and stony, and pedantic, is the French—and the French of Louis the XIV. especially. It is the corpse of the Greek drama, bloodless and pulseless. But Rachel has taken it up in her arms—and lo! it breathes, and walks, and sings, with the old melody and the old enthusiasm. It is full of life and eloquence, of truth and vigour. It awe-strikes like Sophocles, and moves the heart like Shakspere.

We are not rhapsodizing. We speak from conviction, and with an ardour that springs from the very delight with which the acting of Rachel has but this instant filled us. Previous to going to the Theatre on Wednesday, we read the tragedy of *Bajazet*, that we might put ourselves in the proper train of mind to appreciate the performance without difficulty. Our feeling on rising from the perusal was much the same as though we had been carefully considering, step by step, the process of a lengthy and elaborate piece of reasoning. We were no more moved than by an essay of the Scotch philosophers, or a chapter of the *Système de la Nature*. There was nothing that stirred up the entrails in this drama of the seventeenth century. Bajazet, the hero, was a nonentity; Atalide, his beloved, an insipid common-place; Acomat, the visir, a dry piece of calculating shrewdness; Osmin, his confidant, a prosy, loquacious bore. Even Roxane, a character which some have placed next to Phèdre among the creations of Racine, failed to afford us the slightest interest. The story, founded on an incident in Turkish history, which occurred about the time of Racine, robbed of what charm might attach to it by the conventional treatment of a stilted school, presented nothing but a barren field of empty declamation. Such was the impression derived from a perusal of *Bajazet*, and in such a condition of mind we went to the theatre, little expecting, with all our unbounded admiration for Rachel, to be touched or affected in any way by the performance. Nor did the opening scene, in which the rascally Acomat discloses his projected treason against the absent sultan, Amurat, to Osmin, his tool and accomplice, serve to shake our apathy into awakening interest. We made up our minds for an infliction, to be patiently and lovingly endured for the sake of Rachel alone.

She appeared—arrayed in all the magnificence of the Eastern costume—and, as by a stroke of enchantment, the flow of indifference was suddenly arrested, and the tide of feeling rushed back to its source, bearing away every cold obstruction in the overwhelming impetuosity of its course. How such a sudden change could be effected by the mere apparition of a woman on the scene can best be understood by those for whom the lamp of faith burns eternally in some hidden corner of the soul. It was as though a nerve, in which all sense is concentrated, suddenly touched, started from its sleep, and set the whole frame in a blaze. There stood Rachel, with her dark eyes flashing fire from their deep recesses, like distant beacons on the face of night; with her black hair, blacker than the raven, close encircling her imperial brow; her right hand raised with dignity, the snow-white emblem of command; her whole appearance that of a Queen, a woman, knowing no law but her own unbending will. It seemed as though the genius of tragedy had suddenly broke loose from its tomb, and freshly clad in the semblance of Roxana, indicated by a gesture that this was the poet's inward thought, that this was what he would have expressed had he not been fettered by the trammels of a prudish taste.

And is it not so? When we think of Juliet, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, or any other character of Shakspere, an image is conjured up in the mind, which represents in vivid colours our idea of the individual creation of the dramatist; but when we think of Phèdre, or Hermione, or Camille, the figure of Rachel rushes at once into the empty space of our abstraction, and fills it up with a living picture. Rachel, weighed down under the influence of that inexorable fate which has placed its heavy foot upon her neck; Rachel, now intoxicating her wretched lover with false caresses, now withering him with fierce reproaches; Rachel, like a fury, her arms erect and threatening, her hair dishevelled, her whole frame convulsed with grief and rage, which from their extreme intensity meet and become one single overwhelming passion. That is our idea of Phèdre; that is our idea of Hermione; that is our idea of Camille. Phèdre, Hermione, Camille, are each and all Rachel, under different impulses,—Rachel in various attitudes. The sublime Daughter of Israel has raised her finger, and the lips of the statue become red with animation, the hollow caverns of the eyes are lighted up, the breast heaves, the limbs move and quiver; the shrivelled stone, loosened into drapery, falls gracefully from the shoulders that now glow with life, clings to the yielding form, and hangs in rich folds from the beckoning arm. Proud with awakened sense the statue walks erect, and a voice, like the music of the Egyptian image upon which Apollo hung his lyre at eventime, flows from the divided mouth and fills the air with strange and plaintive harmony.

We are not going to entrench upon the province of our excellent reporter of the French Plays, J. de C—, by examining in detail the wonderful Roxana, or the still more marvellous Phèdre. We are moved, however, by the occasion, and under the still abiding influence of Rachel's inimitable genius, which has left us wholly without sympathy for any other subject than herself, to attempt, in as few words as possible, a description of the general impression produced on us by each of these unique performances.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The last meeting of the season took place on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms. The attendance was very numerous, and the programme one of the most interesting which Mr. Ella has presented to his subscribers. It included Mozart's quintet in D, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello; Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat; and Beethoven's grand sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin, dedicated to Kreutzer. The executants were Ernst (first violin), Deloffre (second violin), Hill and Alfred Mellon (tenors), Piatti (violoncello), and Charles Hallé, (pianoforte).

Mozart's quintet in D is one of the finest examples of contrapuntal writing which the art possesses. It forcibly demonstrates what has been observed of this great master, that counterpoint flowed as easily from his pen as plain, unaccompanied tune—or, as Mr Macfarren has more strikingly expressed it, that "he thought in counterpoint." But the fitness of Mozart's subjects for elaborate conduct must be attributed in a great measure to that prodigal invention which placed such a treasure of melodies at his disposal. Where another composer might be puzzling his brain to find two themes well calculated for simultaneous treatment, Mozart would have so many that the difficulty lay in what to choose and what to reject. His mind was a fountain of melody, ever flowing; and an examination of any of his works—especially his compositions for the chamber—will show, that, not only the principal themes, but the subordinate parts, are melodies, more or less developed. Add this rare gift of invention to an unerring instinct of symmetrical form, a passionate intensity of expression, a mastery of all the resources of contrast and combination, and a command of harmonic richness and variety as unlimited as it was regulated by the finest taste, and some idea may be obtained of those astonishing gifts and acquirements which enabled Mozart in many of his works to carry the art to a point beyond which no musician has successfully attempted to travel. It may be urged, in contradistinction to what we have said, that the works which followed the quintet of Mozart in Tuesday's performance—the quartet of Mendelssohn, and the sonata of Beethoven—have pushed music further than Mozart ever dreamed of. This we unhesitatingly deny; and we think it may be useful to suggest a distinction which has been too often overlooked in discussing such matters. When Beethoven began to write he imitated Haydn and Mozart, but being an original thinker he soon rebelled against the trammels imposed by the methods of other masters. His genius was not greater than that of Mozart, but it was more expansive. As a contrapuntist he was his inferior, and his later works prove indisputably that his feeling of form, although strong, was less exquisitely pure. But Beethoven enjoyed the advantages offered by the improved mechanism and enlarged sphere of orchestral instruments. Of this he adroitly took advantage, and in his symphonies (Nos. 3 to 9) we find that vastness of outline, which is the pre-eminent characteristic of his genius, gradually developing itself, until it was on the point (if we may draw conclusions from the plan he had unfolded of the 10th symphony, which he died without accomplishing) of overstepping the limits of imaginable propriety. Beethoven rightly considered the symphony the highest form in which a musician could exercise his genius and knowledge, but his apparent intention of making it the one grand and universal expression of the art was a chimera, impossible of achievement. His haughty spirit brooked no inferiority, and as in opera Mozart, and in oratorio Handel, had still left him in the rear of excellence, Beethoven would fain have shown, by prodigious efforts, that his mission was the noblest, and that the symphony should not merely take precedence of other forms but comprehend them all.*

In comparing Mozart with Beethoven, we should, therefore, consider the difference of the men. No two minds could be more strangely opposite; but as their genius and their conscientious devotion to that art whose progress they were destined to influence were equal, their separate productions must be viewed as expressions of individual modes of thought at once suggestive and complete. That Beethoven could excel, however, in the compact form of writing which was the characteristic of Mozart, is plainly shown in the first movement of the C minor symphony, a work in which all the peculiarities of his style are manifest; and that Mozart was not less capable of grasping the larger and more varied outline in which Beethoven chiefly delighted, is, we think, proved beyond a doubt in the first movement of the grander of the two symphonies in D, and in the unparalleled *finale* of the *Jupiter*. Mendelssohn being of our own time, it would not be decorous to bring him into immediate comparison with those

* On this rock has stranded the undoubted genius of Hector Berlioz, one of the most remarkable men of our time, who, however, made the additional and very grave mistake of beginning at what should have been the end of his labours, planning large works before he had obtained a clear notion of small ones, attempting to soar into the loftiest regions of art before he had wings to lift him off the ground.

illustrious men, however highly we may rate the originality of his genius and the extent of his acquirements, and however confident may be our opinion that the quartet performed on Tuesday is in all respects worthy of being associated with the works that preceded and followed it. It may nevertheless be said of him, that with a mode of thinking as individual, and an imagination as brilliant as that of any known musician, Mendelssohn possessed a command of all the materials of his art, and a facility in their employment which have never been surpassed; that he has given proofs to the world of his excellence in every branch of composition except only one, and that the progress of his opera, so ardently expected, being unhappily arrested by his sudden death, alone prevented the incontestable proof of that universality which they who best knew him unanimously accorded to his genius. But even had Mendelssohn been permitted to fulfill his career, to accomplish all his many and ambitious plans, to complete the opera, the oratorio, the symphony, and the other works he had begun, he could not have surpassed that which is unsurpassable, he could not have gone beyond Mozart and Beethoven. His furthest aspiration would have been to meet them at that point, which genius, with perseverance and sincerity of purpose for guides, can only hope to reach. There are many roads that conduct to this one goal; the choice is directed by the peculiar character and temperament of the traveller, but earnest will and unsleeping energy are both required to reach the end in safety; without these genius itself may be misled and wander from its path, so many and attractive are the delusions and false lights that beset it at every step.

The performance, both of the quintet of Mozart and the quartet of Mendelssohn, was all that could be desired. It is unnecessary for us to dilate upon the style in which Ernst interprets these master-pieces of the classic school. We have so frequently, during the last six months, had occasion to render homage to his magnificent talent, that we should only have to repeat our own words. Suffice it, that Ernst's execution of the works in question was worthy of his fame, that Piatti's violoncello playing was perfect, and that Hill and Deloffre were, as usual, admirable in the tenor and second violin parts. The *scherzo* in Mendelssohn's quartet, one of the most fanciful and exciting that ever proceeded from his pen, was enthusiastically redemanded, and repeated with increased effect.

Our high opinion of M. Charles Hallé, as a pianist of classical accomplishments, united to a mechanism unsurpassable for correctness and brilliancy, was more than justified by his joint performance with Ernst of the grand sonata of Beethoven in A minor, for pianoforte and violin, dedicated to Kreutzer, which excited an extraordinary degree of interest, and may be regarded as one of the finest exhibitions of executive skill ever listened to by the subscribers to the Musical Union. Mr. Ella, himself, the diligent and untiring director, appeared astonished, and heartily joined in the applause, which was accorded by the audience, *à maintes reprises*, to the efforts of the two great artists, who retired, at the end of their labours, amidst unanimous expressions of delight.

Next week we shall give a *resumé* of the season, which, we believe, has been unusually profitable to Mr. Ella.

Mrs. Glover.—The last performance on the stage of the greatest living English actress will take place on Wednesday at Drury Lane. Mrs. Glover will be surrounded by a brilliant host of native and foreign talent, but, we have no doubt, her own name, on such an occasion, would fill the house from pit to gallery. Wednesday night will be a night of rejoicing and a night of sorrow.

CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Queen gave a concert on Monday at Buckingham Palace, to which the Royal Family, the Diplomatic corps, and between 300 and 400 of the nobility and gentry were invited.

Soon after nine o'clock the company began to arrive, and were conducted to the suite of state saloons.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, were conducted by the Lord Chamberlain from the White Drawing-room, to the Grand Saloon, which was fitted up for the concert. The Queen was attended by the Mistress of the Robes, the Lady in Waiting, the Maids of Honour, the Lord, Groom, and Equerry in Waiting. Prince Albert was attended by the Lord, Groom, and Equerry in Waiting to his Royal Highness; and his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia was attended by the gentlemen of the suite.

The distinguished company assembled followed the august party into the Grand saloon.

Her Majesty and the Prince, with their Royal and illustrious visitors, being seated, the concert commenced precisely at ten o'clock.

The following was the programme;—

PARTE PRIMA.

Trio—"Che ascoltai?" Mde. Grisi, Signori Gardoni e Tamburini (*Ifigenia*) . . . . . *Cherubini.*
Air—"Vieni, o tu," Madame Castellan (*Maria Padilla*) . . . . . *Donizetti.*
Duo—"Ricciardo che veggo," Mde. Grisi e Signor Mario (*Ricciardo e Zoraide*) . . . . . *Rossini.*
Air—"Lascia ch' io pianga," Mde. Viardot (*Rinaldo*) . . . . . *Handel.*
Air—"Il est un plus doux empire," Signor Mario (*Le Prophète*) . . . . . *Meyerbeer.*
Quintetto—"Mentre dormi," Mesdames Castellan e Viardot, Signori Mario, Gardoni, e Lablache . . . *Asioli.*

PARTE SECONDA.

Duo—"Va taluno mormorando," Signori Tamburini e Lablache (*L'Inganno Felice*) . . . . . *Rossini.*
Air—"Stanca di più combattere," Mde. Grisi (*Romeo e Giulietta*) . . . . . *Marliani.*
Trio—"A la faveur," Mesdames Viardot e Castellan, e Signor Mario (*Comte Ory*) . . . . . *Rossini.*
Air—"Oh, cara immagine," Signor Gardoni (*Flauto Magico*) . . . . . *Mozart.*
Duo—"Vanne se alberghi in petto," Mesdames Castellan e Viardot (*Andronico*) . . . . . *Mercadante.*
Coro Pastorale—"Felice età dell oro," Tutti . . . *Costa.*

Mr. Costa presided at the pianoforte.

We confess, with due deference to Royal taste, that, had we been present, our enjoyment of the above programme would not have been of the keenest.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The production of *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi* on Saturday, with Bellini's music only, was a novelty in the operatic world, which is likely to create much curiosity. Hitherto the plan has generally been to take a portion of Bellini's work, and a portion of Vaccai's or Zingarellas *Giuletta e Romeo*, and with these to form a sort of patchy whole.

I Capuletti ed i Montecchi is one of those earlier works of Bellini, in which, by the introduction of a simple and dramatic style, and the employment of that expressive melody for which he always had so singular a talent, he effected a reaction against the school of Rossini. It was produced after *Il Pirata*, *La Straniera*, and some other operas unknown in this country, and before *La Sonnambula* and *Norma*, in which latter opera

especially a change in the style of the composer became apparent.

Not only for its rarity, and the interest it possesses in marking an epoch in the career of a very delightful composer, but also for its intrinsic merit, the opera of *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi* was well worth reviving. The music is simple, but extremely effective; there is a flow of the unmistakeable Bellini melody from the beginnirg to the end of the work, and the dramatic situations are well brought out, and forcibly coloured by the composer. The finale, for instance, to the first act, is one of the best specimens of its school.

The treatment of the subject in the motetto is so materially different from that in Shakspeare's tragedy that there is reason to believe the *poeta*, taking the national story as his basis, worked quite independently of the English dramatist. The historical portion of the Capuleti and the Montecchi is very distinctly marked. The former are Guelphs, the latter are Ghibelines, protected by the infamous Ezzelino. At the rising of the curtain the partisans of Capulet are are assembled in his palace to receive the news that Romeo, the head of the Montecchi (there is no "old Montague"), is coming to propose terms of peace. All are for resistance, and Tebaldo, or Tybalt, to whom the hand of Juliet is promised, is among the most ardent. The air in which he expresses his love for Juliet, "L'Amo, l'amo," is one of the happiest of Bellini's melodies, and is far better known here than the opera itself, having figured as "Air by Bellini" in all sorts of pianoforte books for the last half dozen years. The entrance of Romeo, who offers to terminate the hostility of the two houses by marrying Juliet, gives occasion to a spirited scene, the refusal of his offer calling forth a defiance, expressed in one of those airs which are so well adapted to bring out a vocalist of histrionic talent. The stage next represents the apartment of Juliet, whose andante, with a harp accompaniment, followed by a sparkling caballetta, is in the most pleasing manner of the composer. A highly dramatic duet between her and Romeo, who is introduced by Lawrence, a physician, and no friar, terminates this scene. All the characters are very skilfully brought together in the following scene, where the guests are assembled to celebrate the marriage of Juliet with Tebaldo, and Romeo endeavours unsuccessfully to carry off the bridge by force. Here we have one of those striking assemblages of principal vocalists which tell with so much effect in the best Italian operas, and never fail to bring down the curtain with applause. A sestet which occurs as an episode in this finale was unanimously encored.

The second act is occupied with the incident of the sleeping draught. Juliet in vain endeavours to shake the resolution of her father, whose transient tinge of remorse gives occasion to the only bass aria of the piece. Romeo and Tebaldo meet near the palace, and are about to fight, when the funeral procession with Juliet's bier passes along and converts the rage of the rivals into sorrow. The duet between these two characters, first expressing mutual defiance and afterwards grief, affords excellent opportunities to the vocallsts, and brings this act also to an effective conclusion.

The third act is in the cemetery of the Capulets. When Romeo has swallowed the poison, and before he dies, Juliet has an interview with him, as in Garrick's alteration of Shakspere; and, after a highly dramatic scene has taken place between them, falls lifeless on his dead body. The melodies of this act are, perhaps, less striking than those in the two preceding; but it is the great dramatic act of the piece, and the one on which its success mainly depends, when a first-rate histrionic artist sustains the character of Romeo.

By her performance of this character, once one of the most celebrated in the *repertoire* of her preceptress, Madame Pasta, Mademoiselle Parodi has done herself infinite credit; it was really a great tragic performance, deeply felt and artistically executed. The chivalric bearing of Romeo in the ealier acts, his passionate professions of love, his equally passionate defiance of his rival, were admirably sustained. There was a perfect combination of a high-born impetuosity with a high-born refinement. The agony of grief in the the third act was of a still higher order of art. The deepest sorrow seemed to dim the eye, alter the features, and influence every gesture of the despairing Romeo.

The position of the lovers is not the same as in Shakspeare. Romeo, not Juliet, is the chief personage. To him alone belongs the violent passion of the drama; she is a character essentially gentle and feminine. Madame Frezzolini was a beautiful representative of Juliet. Soe executed the music with her peculiar neatness and expression; and her displays of emotion were eloquent without violence, Her appeal to her father in the second act was remarkable for its quiet earnestness.

The appearance for the first time this season of M. Gardoni, whom report had killed so very often, was an important event of the evening. His voice has retained all its evenness and its sweetness, and is far more powerful than last year. The charming air, "L'amo, ah l'amo," as sung by him, was a masterpiece of its kind; and in the duet with Romeo, in the second act, he displayed much dramatic force as well as vocal expression. He was heartily welcomed by the audience.

M. Belletti, as old Capulet—not a very thankful part,—was as usual, the careful, unerring, and highly satisfactory vocalist. The opera had a complete success.

Cimarosa's opera of *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was revived on Thursday night with a very powerful cast, and went off with even more than usual spirit. On the performance of M. Lablache as Geronimo it is needless to dilate. Of course he threw all the weight of his comic force into the duet "Se fiato," which was *encored*, and all the weight of his pathos into the last scene. But the great feature of the revival was the performance of the three female characters by such artists as Madame Sontag, Madame Frezzolini, and Mademoiselle Parodi. The famous terzetto "Le faccio un inchino" seemed to bring all three together in a spirit of friendly rivalry, and to call forth the talents of all to the utmost. Madame Sontag, with her exqusite vocalisation, was Carolina, the more amiable sister, and threw out her sarcastic roulades with wondrous sweetness and delicacy; Madame Frezzolini, as the elder sister, Elisetta, met her rival with most spirited audacity; and Mademoiselle Parodi, as the aunt Fidalma, hovered between the two with all the vigilance of a guardian genius, and no little disposition to take part in the quarrel. Last year, Carolina was played by Mademoiselle Parodi, and the talent she exhibits in Fidalma this year is entirely new to the public. She assumes all the shrewish peculiarity of the part with the greatest facility, and sings her music with the most remarkable dramatic point. In short, the three ladies were last night all on their mettle, and distinguished themselves admirably. The character of Paolino was sustained by M. Calzolari, and sung with his accustomed sweetness.

The performance was for the benefit of Signor Puzzi, and the programme exhibited a variety which made last night a "long Thursday," *par excellence*. There was the last scene of the *Foscari*, that M. Coletti might exhibit his histrionic talent as the aged doge, and the first act of *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, and much Terpsichorean matter, with Mdlle.

Ferraris as the principal *danseuse*. All these resources of the establishment were brought before the public for one evening's entertainment, and the result was a really brilliant combination.

An announcement posted against the walls that a lady of colour, who by her vocal talent had created a great sensation in Paris, and who is entitled the "black Malibran," is to sing between the acts of this opera on Tuesday night, afforded a fertile subject of conversation in the lobbies, and the presence of Donna Martinez such is her name) in one of the boxes, excited no little curiosity, Her songs, as we understand, consist for the most part of national Cuban airs.

Carlotta Grisi is re-engaged for another month.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, the *Huguenots* was given by "special desire." Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present; and another loyal demonstration, scarcely inferior to that of Thursday, took place. The Royal party arrived towards the latter end of the first act, when Mario and Castellan were midway in their duet in the garden; but the instant the Queen made her appearance, the singers and orchestra were stopped by the suddenness and vehemence of the applause. Her Majesty came forward alone to the front of the box, as she did on the previous night, and bowed most graciously to the moving multitude beneath, around, and above her. The theatre was crowded in every nook and corner.

On Tuesday, the *Roberto* was repeated, and Castellan resumed her part of the Princess. The performance would have been honoured with the presence of the Queen, but for the account which reached Buckingham Palace, of the fast approaching death of Sir Robert Peel, which was momently expected. Many of the subscribers were hindered from attending in consequence of the melancholy event which has thrown a gloom, like an unanticipated eclipse, over all London.

The *Prophète* was given on Thursday.

To night, Rossini's *Otello* will be performed for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera. The cast is different to what we were given to understand. Grisi appears in Desdamona; Tamberlik in Otello; Zelger in Brabantio; Maralti in Roderigo; and Ronconi in Iago. As Madame Viardot does not play in this opera, there is a chance she may have for her new part, Leonora, in *Fidelio*, unless Beethoven be sacrificed to Halevy, and *La Juive* be given instead.

MR. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

Emboldened by the success which attended his classical performances at St. Martin's Hall, this spirited and excellent pianist invited his friends and admirers on Wednesday to a *matinée musicale*. The *locale* on this occasion, the New Beethoven Rooms, is in the fashionable west-end, and a sprinkle of aristocracy was a remarkable element of M. Billet's attentive audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Grand Sonata, in B flat, Op. 106.—Pianoforte, M. Billet	*Beethoven.*
Melodie "Inédite de Weber," (first time of performance) M. Drayton	*Weber.*
Selection of Studies,—Pianoforte, M. Billet—	
In F. Minor	*Mendelssohn.*
In F sharp major	*Henselt.*
In C minor	*Chopin.*
In G	*Moscheles.*
In G minor	*W. S. Bennett.*
"Le Lac," Mdlle. Julia Schergold	*Niedermayer.*
Fantasia, in F sharp Minor (dedicated to Moscheles) Pianoforte, Mr. Billet	*Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

Sonata in E flat (the "Farewell") Painoforte M. Billet	*Dussek.*
Serenade Ballad, Mr. Frodsham	*Schubert.*
Air (de "Don Juan") Mrs. Newton	*Mozart.*
Preludes and Fugues, Pianoforte, M. Billet—	
In A flat	*Bach.*
In G minor	*Scarlatti.*
In F	*Handel.*
In F minor	*Mendelssohn.*

Conductors, Messrs. Anschuez and Levy.

We have already spoken of all these pieces, and it is therefore unnecessary to do more than record the admirable manner in which they were executed. The sonata of Beethoven, which no pianist but M. Billet has ever attempted in public, was an extraordinary *tour de force*. The fugued *finale* is the most difficult *morceau* ever composed for the pianoforte. The sonata, in spite of its interminable length, was listened to with undeviating interest. Dussek's gorgeous "Farewell to Clementi," and the impetuous *fantasia* of Mendelssohn were heard with equal pleasure, and the studies, preludes, and fugues delighted as much by their variety as by their intrinsic excellence, and the admirable manner in which they were interpreted,

In taking leave of M. Billet, we may again unreservedly commend the enterprise and good taste that have incited him to rescue from unmerited neglect some of the finest works of Dussek, and other composers, to whom the pianoforte and its professors are so deeply indebted.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

JULLIEN'S BENEFIT.

A Grand Monstre Concert took place at the above popular place of amusement on Monday, the occasion being the benefit of M. Jullien. Although the weather was not very tempting, the skies being overcast and the rain threatening the whole evening, nearly twenty thousand people assembled. This immense concourse filled the Gardens choke full; and in the immediate neighbourhood of the orchestra swayed to and fro like a mighty sea—the Baltic or Pacific in a calm. What an attractive power must lie in the name of "Jullien!" Let but that simple dissyllable, or trisyllable (pronounce it as you please), appear in the bills, and the public are incontinently drawn into its vortex—as ships of all sorts and sizes into the whirlpool of Maelstrom. Jullien's popularity is something unprecedented. On Monday night, for instance, the programme provided nothing particularly new or particularly striking, and the evening was by no means sweetly inviting to out-of-door pleasure seekers, yet the mere announcement that his benefit was to take place had the effect of bringing together as dense a crowd as though the names of fifty stars ——Italian, French, Swedish, or German——illumined the bills.

We beg pardon—there was something novel and surprising provided in the bill of fare on Monday. Jullien, ever watchful to lay hold on passing events, and loyal as he is provident and politic, could hardly have omitted the escape of the Queen from the ruffianly attack made upon her, without some complimentary demonstration on the occasion of his benefit, which took place so soon afterwards. Accordingly, M. Jullien announced, that in gratulation for her Majesty's escape, "God save the Queen" would be played with the entire strength of his tremendous orchestra, accompanied with a salvo or salute of twenty-one guns—eight, twelve, or twenty-four pounders. M. Jullien kept his word—that was neither novel nor surprising—but the cannon accompaniment was both. We never witnessed anything to equal the effect. When the cannon com-

menced. echo alone for awhile was heard; but after a few shots, the people began with vociferous throats to cheer; the wild beasts answered the people in feline, canine, and ursine roars, barks, and growls; the birds screamed shrilly and clapped their wings; and the monkeys left off showing their antics and cracking their nuts to mingle their shrill cries in the tumult;—and all for Her Most Gracious Majesty's escape, without being aware of it. The earth reeled beneath the m'ghty hurly-burly, and window-panes, remote as the Kennington Oval, conscious of the Jullienquake, burst their glassy sides. At the end of the performance of the National Anthem, when the noises had ceased, of roaring beast, and screaming bird, and reverberated echo, and cracking window-pane, the audience insisted on an encore, but withdrew their demand upon learning that M. Jullien had fired off all his artillery, and that he had no more powder in the orchestra; whereupon the people proceeded very quietly—after giving two dozen cheers for Her Majesty, and twenty-four ditto for Jullien, with occasional voluntaries of some combined score of voices, and sundry imitations of Kœnig and the wild beasts, with a few vocal flings at the can(n)on accompaniments—to cross the Alps with Napoleon, or soar into the midnight regions with fizdigigs and sky-rockets.

How the immense crowd contrived to leave the Gardens is a mystery which has not been solved up to the present moment, now four full days since the performance of the MONSTRE CONCERT.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It was our intention to have devoted a long notice of the last concert of this institution; but the following article from the columns of a morning contemporary, having anticipated all we had to say on the subject, it may serve as a *resumé* of our own opinions:—

"The fourth and last concert of the season took place on Saturday in the Hanover-square Rooms. The attendance was very numerous. Several new compositions of length and importance were introduced, which enabled the audience to estimate the progress of the students in the higher branches of musical education. The programme, indeed, was just such a one as we have been advocating for the last three or four years. It gave a fair notion of the benefits derived from the method of instruction adopted in the Royal Academy of Music and the average amount of talent at present existing within its walls. Such concerts are likely to promote the objects for which the Academy was founded, by stimulating the pupils to exertion, and subjecting them to the praise or censure, as the case may justify, of unprejudiced and independent criticism. No good can result in these days from the close borough system. Every public institution should, at given periods, throw open its doors to public inspection. The Royal Academy of Music subsists mainly on public support, and has, therefore, no right to claim the exemption from general inquiry enjoyed by private schools and fashionable seminaries. That so little benefit has hitherto accrued from its existence, that so many enemies have arisen to damage its interests and misrepresent the nature of its influence, must be attributed to the obstinacy with which committees, for nearly a quarter of a century, have endeavoured to quash this self-evident truth. The press may assume the merit of having opened the eyes of that part of the public concerned in the welfare of the institution to a fact which, being now established as incontrovertible, can no longer be disregarded with impunity.

"The concert began with a new orchestral symphony in A minor by Mr. H. C. Banister, the third which has proceeded from his pen. The mere fact of having thrice devoted himself to a task so arduous and difficult as the composition of a grand symphony says much for the ambition of this young gentleman; and it gives us further pleasure to add, that Mr. Banister's new effort is not merely the offspring of plodding industry, but a work in which the talent plainly evinced gives promise of great things for the future. We cannot yet accord to Mr. Banister the merit of originality, nor does his third symphony evince that decision of style which few attain at an early age; but the models our young composer has chosen are the best, and the most likely to conduct him to ultimate excellence. The first movement is written cleverly, and with an evident purpose; but the principal themes being neither melodious nor marked by strong individuality of character, the laboured manner in which they are conducted makes the whole appear lengthy, if not absolutely dull. The passage leading to the reprise of the first subject is the most striking and effective part of the movement. The andante has some graceful points of melody, and is prettily instrumented; but there are so many 'stops' in the flow of the movement that the general effect is broken and fragmentary. In the scherzo, the most able and spirited movement in the symphony, the first theme may too easily be traced to the trio in B minor which forms part of the minuet in Beethoven's *Sonata Pasturale* for the pianoforte. The finale, in the *tarantella* style, notwithstanding some unmistakable suggestions derived from the *saltarello* of Mendelssohn's second symphony (in the same key)—*ex gra.*, the crescendo passage immediately preceding the coda, where the basses leave off playing—is a movement of very considerable fancy, denoting a fine feeling for variety of instrumental colouring, and an excellent idea of the effect to be produced by widely-contrasted subjects. On the whole, Mr. Banister's symphony afforded us more pleasure than any work we have for a long time heard from the pen of a young composer. That we have been so candid in our criticism as in our praise must be taken in good part. We would rather be silent about the performance, but justice to Mr. Banister, passing by other considerations, forces us to declare that it was disgraceful. Anything more slovenly, pointless, and imperfect we have rarely listened to. We have a right to demand an explanation of this. Among the band are some of the most competent performers in London; and the conductor, Mr. Lucas, has long been recognised as one of our most able and intelligent musicians. The plea which was urged in a letter addressed to this paper by one of the managers of the Academy, that the essays of the pupils ought not to be exposed to severe criticism, cannot hold in favour of the orchestra, where all the principal instruments are held by experienced players. We are, therefore, reduced to the necessity of taxing the musical directors of the institution with culpable negligence. It would seem to any impartial hearer as if the object had been to present the symphony of Mr. Banister in such an unfavourable light that certain condemnation must ensue. How, otherwise, are we to account for so bad an execution of a work which deserved the utmost care and attention, and, properly rendered, could not fail to redound to the credit of the institution? We are not prepared to declare what was the opinion of the audience on the merits of Mr. Banister's symphony; but, to argue from the sparing applause bestowed, it can hardly have been flattering. For our own parts, the most painful and untiring attention alone enabled us, in many places, to follow the young composer's ideas, and properly appreciate his meaning.

"An overture by Mr. J. A. Owen, which prefaced the second part of the concert, deserves praise for fluency and dashing orchestration; but the reminiscences of Weber, especially from the overtures to *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*, are so frequent and striking, that, at times, we almost fancied we were listening to a parody on the leading ideas of those celebrated compositions. Part of a finale to the first act of *Alfred the Great*, a manuscript opera by Mr. John Thomas, associate and formerly student in the Academy, developes talent and promise of a remarkable order. The weakest points in this finale (which should have been given entire, or not at all) are the passages which connect the various movements, and necessitate a thorough command over the musical arrangement of dialogue. This Mr. Thomas has yet to acquire; but when the words of the situation allow him to rest, and the art of continuity, of which Mozart was the grand model, is not so severely taxed, he is eminently successful. Thus the opening chorus of Danes, 'See, the silv'ry moon shines bright,' besides being pretty and flowing, is written with great clearness, while the sestet, 'Moment of terror,' displays a skilful management of voices, a strong feeling for dramatic expression, and a real melodic invention. As a whole, however, the sestet is too long, which makes the accompaniment, almost exclusively confined to one particular figure, appear mono-

tonous; but, with this exception, it might have emanated from a composer of experience, and gives us a right to look for no small achievements from the matured talents of Mr. Thomas, the merits of whose finale could not be concealed even by the wretchedly imperfect execution of Saturday. The other new compositions, by a student, was a pleasing canzonet, 'Remember me,' by Miss C. Rowe, nicely sung by Miss Owen, accompanied by the orchestra.

"There were two performances on the pianoforte, neither betraying any extraordinary degree of promise. Madame de Vaucheron attempted the first movement of Sterndale Bennett's fourth concerto, in F minor. A steady accentuation, correct measure, and clear and distinct execution, are the best qualities of Madame de Vaucheron's playing; she misunderstood, however, the tempo of the movement, which she took nearly twice too slow, thus depriving it in a great measure of its fire and brilliancy. Mr. Banister's performance of the first allegro of Mozart's concerto in E flat was not what we should have anticipated from the composer of the symphony in A minor, nor was the cadenza introduced at the pause what we should have expected from a musician of far less talent and pretensions than Mr. Banister; his playing was nervous and indistinct; the passages were scrambled over without form or intelligible accent, and, instead of carrying the orchestra along with him, Mr. Banister's chief aim appeared to be to arrive at the closing points simultaneously with the other performers, which he did not always successfully effect. As in his own trivial and inappropriate cadenza his playing was equally unfinished, we cannot admit in Mr. Banister's defence the plea, so often urged, that the restraint imposed by the orchestral accompaniments rendered him nervous on this occasion and unsteady. Between the two parts of the concert Neükomm's septet, for flute, oboe, clarionet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, and double bass, was performed by Messrs. Wells, Nicholson, Owen, Waetzig, C. Harper, Hay, and Mount. We are not admirers of this composition.

"The full vocal pieces were the 'Bridal-chorus,' from Beethoven's *King Stephen*, the first finale from Rossini's *Otello*, and Mendelssohn's part-song, the 'Nightingale.' The finale to *Otello*, the solo parts excepted, was tolerably well executed, but the other two pieces were very much out of tune; in spite of which, Mendelssohn's part-song—a beautiful composition, deserving better treatment—was re-demanded and repeated. Miss Owen and Mr. Swift sang the duet 'Ah! se de mali miei,' from Rossini's *Tancredi*. The lady, who has a pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, of which the lower notes are the weakest, sang well and nicely in tune; but the gentleman's intonation was so sharp that at times it became quite painful. Mr. Costa's brilliant aria, "Dall' asilo della pace," is at present beyond the physical powers of Miss Helen Taylor, who, nevertheless, sang many of the passages very neatly, and whose sweet soprano voice and unaffected style were employed with agreeable effect in the andante which precedes the cabaletta. 'Vedrai carino,' very prettily sung, exhibited considerable promise on the part of Miss Mary Rose; but the best, by many degrees, of the vocal solos was the 'Batti, batti,' of Miss Browne, who not only possesses a beautiful voice, but a warmth of sentiment and a satisfactory completeness in her manner of phrasing, which gave full effect to one of the most exquisite of Mozart's songs.

"We have spoken at more than usual length of this concert, not merely because it was the last of the present year, but because it deserves to be held up as a model for the future. It is only by thus encouraging the pupils that they can be spurred on to exertion. The occasional performance of their compositions in public is more likely than all the medals, stars, and prize-books that may be distributed indoors to incite them to unwearied and industrious application, without which, precocious talent generally ends in adult mediocrity. That the orchestra must be remodelled, however, is a *sine qud non*."

JULLIEN.—Mr. Rowland Cooper has named his two-year-old colt, by Dulcimer, out of Appleton Nun, engaged in next year's Derby, after the popular conductor. If energy and power be comprised in a name, then may Mr. Rowland Cooper's two-year-old colt look forward to many a gallant victory. There is a tower of strength in the appellative, "JULLIEN."

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

MISS WOOLGAR, the star of the Adelphi, took her benefit on Wednesday to a house crammed to suffocation. The play was the *Hunchback*. The part of Helen was taken by the fair *beneficiaire*, that of the Hunchback by Mr. Woolgar, (her father), Julia being performed, for the occasion, by Miss Cooper. Miss Woolgar gave abundant proof of what perhaps needed none—that she has faculties adapted to a higher walk in the drama than the vaudeville pieces at the Adelphi have hitherto enabled her to occupy. She possesses a rich vein of genuine national humour and vivacity, and if, as we have heard, she has an equal talent for rustic pathos, she may look forward to filling a most important place in her profession. As yet, however, we have seen but little of her. Her best scene on Wednesday was that with her lover, in the fourth act, which she gave with an archness and buoyancy that elicited uninterrupted laughter and applause. But she must not suffer the exuberance of her spirits to injure some of her best points by urging her to overact them, a fault which was frequently visible throughout her performance. At the end of the play Miss Woolgar stepped forward with a graceful and conscious laugh, to be stunned with acclamations and smothered with nosegays. Miss Woolgar played with sound judgment and discrimination; a little more energy alone in the latter scenes was wanting. Miss Cooper made a graceful and efficient Julia.

STRAND.

THE story of Alcestis has been turned into a burlesque with considerable talent by a son of Sir Thomas Talfourd, and his work was produced on Thursday night. He has followed pretty closely the outline of Euripides' tragedy, and hence his piece does not abound in strong burlesque situations. His great strength is shown in his dialogue, which is bristling throughout with puns, some of which are quite new, and remarkably good, while others smack somewhat of antiquity. Of the use of popular melodies in works of this kind, Mr. Talfourd has a keen perception, and we have rarely heard comic songs tell with better effect than in this piece of *Alcestis*.

The Euripidean *dramatis personæ*, consisting of Admetus, Hercules, Thanatos (here called "Orcus"), and Alcestis, are very well played by Messrs. Compton, W. Farren, jun., H. Farren, and Mr. Leigh Murray; but the character that is most conspicuous is a policeman extraneous to the plot, who is a sweetheart to the housemaid of Alcestis, and is played by Mr. Shalders. That gentleman, who is the scene-painter to the theatre, has a countenance remarkably fitted for comic expression, and great talent in the art of making droll grimaces. If his peculiarity does not lead him astray, there is much chance of his taking a position as an original comic actor.

The piece was received with the loudest plaudits, and the author being called, walked across the stage.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS—RACHEL.—On Monday last Mademoiselle Rachel commenced a series of twelve representations at the St. James's, after an absence of three years. A special audience assembled to greet the Queen of Tragedy, and the house was crowded in every part; which showed that the deep impression, produced on former occasions, was not effaced, and that her long absence had not diminished Madlle. Rachel's hold upon the theatrical public of this country as

the greatest *tragedienne* of modern times. The play was *Phèdre*—Racine's masterpiece.

On the rising of the curtain the most intense anxiety was visib'e on every countenance. The opening scene was listened to with becoming attention, but as the dialogue between Hippolyte and Théramene drew to a close, and the arrival of Œnone announced the appearance of her mistress, the theatre was hushed in breathless silence, and a pin might have been heard to drop. At last Phèdre appeared, and a storm of applause welcomed that pale face, and that spare form which seem the very incarnation of the tragic muse. After the first outbreak of feeling had subsided, we found leisure to concentrate all our attention on the most sublime and terrible conception of character we ever witnessed. Overwhelmed by the ardour of her incestuous passion, victim of fatality, exposed to the hatred and vengeance of Venus, the granddaughter of Minos yet attempts to struggle against her destiny. The opening scene, in which Phèdre enters supported by her attendant, and sinks exhausted, resolved to die rather than succumb, was given by Madlle. Rachel with vivid and painful truthfulness. The utter prostration, both of mental and physical energy, was visible in every motion of the actress. When she exclaimed—

"Je ne me soutiens plus, ma force m'abandonne,
Soleil, je te viens voir pour la dernière fois,"

she appeared so pale, so inanimate, that we almost fancied her spirit had already fled, "like the arrow in the noon." Here the course of the action is unfolded. Phèdre is induced to confess her secret to Œnone. The celebrated retort, "C'est toi qui l'as nomme," when Œnone has pronounced the name of Hippolyte, was delivered with a mixture of tenderness and reproach that fully prepared us for the confession which follows. The hurried recital of the story of her fatal passion—how it grew up and enveloped her beyond the possibility of resistance—and her ultimate resignation to inexorable destiny, given in a tone of the deepest contrition, seemed to rekindle the spark of life. Madlle. Rachel warmed with her subject as she exhibited its different phases, and the ray of hope which illumines her dark soul on learning the death of Thésée inspired her with new-born energy. A novel and impressive reading was given to the last two lines of the first act—

"Et si l'amour d'un *fils*, en ce moment funeste,
De mes faibles esprits peut ranimer le reste."

Madlle. Rachel dwelt on the word "*fils*" hesitatingly, as if she scarcely dared confess even to herself the real nature of the passion that overwhelmed her. The second act involves the grand climacteric of the tragedy—the interview between Phèdre and Hippolyte, and the disclosure of her secret to the object of her aspirations, under the cloak of an apostrophe to the virtues and personal attractions of Thésée, his father. Madlle. Rachel rises with the expression of her feelings, abandons herself to the ardour of her passion, and glories in her own defeat; tender, ardent, furious, pathetic, and sublime by turns, she completely carried the audience away with her, and a long, loud burst of enthusiasm proceeded from the entire assembly as she rushed from the stage, wildly brandishing the sword of Hippolyte. No description could convey the effect produced by this gradual development of passion, which commences with the lines—

"Oui, prince, je languis, je brûle pour Thésée,
Je l'aime . . . . ."

and winds up by the rejection of all restraint in the exclamation—

"Ah! cruel, tu m'as trop entendue!"

immediately followed by an explanation of her conduct towards Hippolyte, a description of her struggles, and an adjuration to the son of her husband to revenge the honour of his father.

The third act is principally taken up with the return of Theseus, and the resolution of Phèdre to be revenged on Hippolyte. In this there are also many fine touches of feeling made prominent by the great actress; but on the whole, the act is less interesting, since it does not satisfactorily account for the entire revulsion of Phèdre's sentiments in regard to the object of her guilty love. In the fourth act, Mdlle. Rachel again shines with all her glory. On discovering that she has a rival, a gleam of savage joy illumines her countenance; she rejoices in the success of her calumny, and gloats over the idea of vengeance, exclaiming, with piercing intensity:—

. . . "Hippolyte aime; et je n'en puis douter.
* * * * * * *
Ce tigre, que jamais je n'abordais sans crainte
Soumis, apprivoisé, reconnait un vainqueur
Aricie a trouvé le chemin de son cœur."

While uttering these words, the eyes of the actress flashed fire, her whole frame seemed to writhe with the torture she was enduring. But, perhaps, the most sublime effort of Mdlle. Rachel was the scene in which Phèdre, resolved to die, is deterred from self-destruction by the dread of her father. Minos, before whom, as judge of the infernal regions, she must necessarily be summoned to answer for her crimes.

"Minos juge aux enfers tous les pâles humains.
Ah! combien fremira son ombre épouvantée,
Lorsqu'il verra sa fille, à ses yeux présentée,
Contrainte d'avouer tant de forfaits divers,
Et des crimes peut-être inconnus aux enfers."

The death scene in the last act was a most painful exhibition, and an excellent opportunity for the display of those softer emotions of which Mdlle. Rachel is so admirable an interpretess. It was a masterly picture of mental agony and physical suffering combined; every word, although delivered in a whisper, was distinctly audible, and many a bright eye was suffused with tears as the gentle, but unhappy Phèdre, fell lifeless on her chair, her head and arms almost touching the ground, like the branches of a weeping willow. Mdlle. Rachel was recalled four times during the evening. The other parts were sustained by Mdlles. Durrey, Crosnier, and Palmyre, who acquitted themselves creditably, more particularly Mdlle. Crosnier, who played the confidant of Phèdre. The male characters were sustained by Messrs. Raphael, Randoux, and Chery; M. Randoux deserves honourable mention for his spirited delivery of the description of the death of Hippolyte. M. Raphael has made immense progress since last year. With the example of his gifted sister continually before him, added to his own evident intelligence, it will be odd if this gentleman does not ultimately attain histrionic excellence of a high order.

On Wednesday, Racine's tragedy of *Bajazet* was performed. Of the play itself we cannot speak in terms of very high praise. The intrigue is of the most commonplace kind, and the poet would seem to have had some misgivings as to the propriety of placing on the stage an incident of comparatively modern date; but we imagine that the fault lies not so much in the choice as in the elaboration of the subject—not so much in the fact that the subject is modern, as in its being made subservient to the rules of the ancients, while not possessing one of the elements which constitute the great interest of the Greek drama, even in its diluted state as presented on the French stage. We have the conviction that *Bajazet*, treated as Shakspere would have treated it, with all the pageantry of

Oriental magnificence in respect to costume and decorations, might still be made a very endurable play. As it stands, it but meagrely interests the attention; petty intrigues are introduced, worthy of the *vaudeville*, and the principal personages themselves fail to command our sympathies. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, there are points in *Bajazet* which go far to redeem its faults and insipidities. The part of Acomat is finely drawn, and that of Roxane abounds in beauties of the first order, which were developed by Madlle. Rachel with remarkable skill. As usual, she stood out in bold relief, and was the one great attraction of the performance. Her conception of the part was in every respect admirable. The transitions from love to jealousy, from jealousy to fury, were managed with the finest artistic skill, and we scarcely know which most to admire, the tenderness of her softer moments, or the overwhelming torrent of her rage, when she finds she has been made a tool of by Bajazet and Atalide. Madlle. Rachel infused a tone of the most touching pathos into the appeal conveyed by the following lines—

"J'affectais à tes yeux une fausse fierté,
De toi dépend ma joie et ma felicité."

And when, in the following exclamation, she begins to doubt the sincerity of Bajazet's passion, and exclaims—

"Je vous entends, seigneur; je vois mon imprudence,
Je vois que rien n'échappe à votre prévoyance;"

there was a bitterness in her tone which was more strikingly developed in the sixth scene of the third act, where Roxane begins to suspect her rival, after hearing the declaration of Bajazet, who is profuse of his declarations of gratitude, though silent on the only subject which has any interest to her. Mdlle. Rachel's acting throughout the whole of this scene was of the very highest order. The spell by which she is bound seems gradually to fade away, her love vanishes by degrees, doubt retakes possession of her heart, to give place to the most violent despair. Her physiognomy successively betrays every one of these transitions, and plainly indicates the working of the inward soul. Finer acting than this we have never seen, and it was remarkable even more than for its intensity for the truthfulness of expression which conveyed more than any words could have done. Her jealousy is further developed in the fourth act, where Roxane gives Atalide the order of the sultan, condemning Bajazet to death, and commands her to read it. Here Mdlle. Rachel made a grand point, by the searching eagerness with which she watched he expression of her rival's countenance, compressing the violence of her fury until she has acquired the full conviction of their mutual love, which is further established by the fatal letter found on Atalide. Never was rage more terribly exemplified than when she utters the words—

"Cours Zateine; sois prompte à servir ma colère.
* * * * *
Avec quelle insolence et quelle cruauté
Ils se jouaient tous deux de ma crédulité!"

A splendid point was also produced in the interview with Bajazet, in the fifth act, at the end of which Mdlle. Rachel suddenly draws a dagger from her breast, raises her arm to strike Bajazet, and by another sudden impulse drops it mechanically. This was an innovation on her former performance, but was quite a stroke of genius, and forcibly illustrated the famous "Sortez." On the whole if we had reason to be dissatisfied with the play, we doubt, if Madlle Rachel ever displayed to more advantage her talent as an actress. She is equally sublime, equally natural as the haughty queen and faltering woman, and whether she expresses the pleadings of the softer passion or the pangs of disappointed love, her acting is always appropriate, and the effect produced on her audience is electric. The other parts were filled by Mdlles. Durrey and Crosnier, Messrs. Raphael and Chery. The latter went through the part of the vizir Acomat with much credit to himself; and the former, in a somewhat ungrateful part, gave further indications of the improvement we noticed in his previous performance.

J. DE C——.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I CANNOT give you a better notice of the performances which have taken place at our Theatre Royal during the present week than by quoting the subjoined critique from the *Liverpool Times*, which I conceive is written in a spirit of great impartiality, and as regards myself, quite embodies my opinions.

"On Monday a portion of the late operatic company of the Princess's Theatre commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal They consisted of Miss Louisa Pyne, Mrs. Weiss; Messrs. W. H Harrison, Weiss, and Corri. Much interest was attached to the *début* of Miss Louisa Pyne in Liverpool, as the praises which had been lavished on her by the whole of the metropolitan press were such as led to the indulgence of a hope that an English *prima donna*, well worthy of the name, had at last been found. The opera presented on Monday night was the *Bohemian Girl*, in which Miss Pyne performed the character of Arline; Mrs. Weiss, the Queen of the Gipsies; Mr. Weiss, Count Arnheim; and Mr. Corri, Devilshoof. In appearance Miss Pyne is *petite* and *blonde*; and it has been generally remarked that she bears a striking resemblance to the Queen. So far as we are able to judge, we hold the latter opinions very strongly. Her voice is a fine, clear soprano, of considerable compass, possessing a resonant brilliancy seldom found in English singers. She displays much taste, and her style is excellent. Though fond of indulging in embellishment, all her ornaments are well-placed and appropriate, and in some cases strikingly novel and pleasing. At present she is but a novice on the stage, having been but one season before the public as an acting vocalist, though well known some years ago as a fine duet singer with her sister. She is, in consequence, deficient in the dramatic energy now so popular on the operatic stage. But, while disregarding all stage trickery and mannerisms, she displays an originality of conception in the worn-out characters in which we have seen her, sufficient to justify the hope that she will, in time, be one of the most able exponents of British lyric drama.

"Mr. W. H. Harrison, we regret to say, was, either through illness or fatigue, in very bad voice, which, added to his want of energy, caused his performance to be less efficient than was desirable. In one or two cases his voice quite failed him, but the audience were evidently kindly disposed towards their old favourite, and applauded at times with vehemence. Mr. Weiss and his wife, in their respective characters, afforded no scope for more than cursory notice: the former acted badly and sang well, and the latter *vice versâ*. Mr. Corri gave a good and animated portraiture of the gipsy leader, Devilshoof.

"On Tuesday evening, the ever-fresh and pleasing *Somnambula* of Bellini (not Donizetti, as the bills stated) was given, the distribution, as the French say, being as follows:—Amina, Miss L. Pyne; Liza, Mrs. Weiss; Elvino, Mr. W. H. Harrison; and Count Rodolpho, Mr. Weiss. Miss Pyne's Amina differs from all others we have seen; she truly represents the quiet, simple, loving village maiden, first full of quiet joy, and then overwhelmed with grief, which is thoroughly unobtrusive, simple, and natural, without those outbursts of intense feeling usually exhibited by former Aminas. Miss Pyne's whole representation is, in fact, one of repose: it a personation which charms by its simplicity, though it never overwhelms by its intensity. We cannot, perhaps, give a better idea of Miss Pyne's peculiarities of singing and acting, than by saying that she is somewhat of an English Sontag, though, of course, we do not intend to insinuate that she can pour out the fluent and unapproachable graces of that delightful vocalist. She

resembles her, however, in the graceful delicacy of her action, and also in the surpassing elegance of her vocalism. The first two acts of the opera passed off coldly; but in the last scenes the fair vocalist created a perfect *furore*. The "Ah, non giunge," for which she had evidently reserved her full powers, was one of the most delightful outpourings of a joyful heart we ever listened to. It was given with the utmost possible brilliancy, the air being ornamented with some *broderies* of unexampled gracefulness and difficulty. It was uproariously re-demanded; and at the fall of the curtain, Miss L. Pyne was led forward by Mr. W. H. Harrison, the whole audience applauding vociferously—a more genuine triumph we never witnessed in our Theatre Royal.

"Mr. Harrison's Elvino we cannot praise extravagantly. He is not, perhaps, adequately fitted to represent the jealous lover of Amina. His voice, also, was again false to him, though in the latter scenes he warmed considerably, and in the famous "Still so gently," he sung with so much of his usual sweetness, and so much more than his usual energy, as to call forth an encore, which, however, he declined to respond to, save by a graceful obeisance.

"Mrs. Weiss played the spiteful Liza with great vigour, but her singing lacks refinement. Her voice, though powerful, is uneven in quality, and requires very careful management. A little more evenness of tone and distinctness of articulation would make Mrs. Weiss a much greater favourite with the audience.

"Mr. Weiss, as the Count, sang exceedingly well; but he seems totally unable to embody a character effectively. The scene in which he sings "As I view," so interesting on the Italian stage, was rendered quite ineffective by his tameness.

"The band and chorus both indicated the want of rehearsals, the eccentricities being productive at times of great annoyance to the vocalists as well as the audience."

The other operas performed have been *The Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, and *The Crown Diamonds*, but I trust that next week we shall have something new; for my part, though I like the operas above enumerated, I am now quite tired of them, and sigh for a good performance of *King Charles II.*, or some other opera combining the two essentials of good music and novelty.

Our Philharmonic Society have evidently been "stirred up," by the strictures of the local press and the subscribers—the Secretary having lately been in London making engagements, in which the first talents of the day, including Sontag, are comprised. I hope he will give us a chance of hearing Tamberlik, and the delightful Garcia, whose triumphs here last summer, when she was suffering from illness, have given us a desire to hear more of her.

Mr. James Anderson has been playing a round of his favourite characters at the Amphitheatre, but I have not had an opportunity of seeing him.

Miss Emma Stanley's pleasing entertainment was, I regret to say, quite a failure; during the fine weather our pleasure seekers either take constitutional walks or go to the Zoological Gardens, which this year present numerous attractions. Yours, &c.,

Liverpool, July 4, 1850. J. H. N.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Italian *troupe* who have been here the last three weeks, gave their last performance on Friday. The speculation of our excellent manager, who is always on the look out for novelty, has been anything but remunerative, and he has, as I suspected he would from the beginning, been a considerable loser. The houses were so bad that on one occasion they played to £8 13*s.*, a sum unheard of even with the ordinary *troupe* of the theatre under the most disadvantageous circumstances. It will be a good lesson, however, to our director, not to engage artistes without a name. Signor Montelli will find it necessary to have a *prima donna* with more voice and dramatic power than either Signora Normani or Signora Lebrun de Montreal; and a tenor who had not before signally failed in the provinces, before he can hope to succeed in making profitable engagements. Unfortunately in this instance Mr. Newcombe gave a fixed sum, so that, however bad the houses, the *troupe Italienne* were sure of their money. No provincial manager, under any circumstances, should make engagements with artistes, who have not passed the ordeal of London, Milan, or Paris.

CHAS. DE M—.

MUSIC AT EXETER.

(From a Correspondent.)

A CONCERT was given at the Royal Subscription Rooms at Exeter, on Tuesday last, which was most fashionably attended, almost every family of distinction in the neighbourhood being present. The purpose of the entertainment was to bring before the public Miss Emily Newcombe, a pupil of Thalberg, and daughter of the popular director of the Plymouth Theatre. This young lady is already well known among the chief members of the aristocracy at Plymouth, having, on many occasions, enlivened their private parties by her brilliant performances as a pianiste, but it is the first time she has appeared in public. The programme of the concert was as follows:—

PART I.

Duo—"Bohemian Girl." Signora Amatta and Signor Lamberti.	*Balfe.*
Trio—"Lucrezia Borgia," Signora Normani, Signor Onorato Leonardi, and Signor Montelli.	*Donizetti.*
Solo—(Violin)—"No. 7." Mr. H. Reed	*De Beriot.*
Aria—"Stabat Mater." Signor Bailini.	*Rossini.*
Aria and Variations—"Cenerentola." Madame Lebrun de Montreal.	*Rossini.*
Grand Fantasia—"La Sonnambula." Miss Emily Newcombe.	*Thalberg.*
Grand Air—"Semiramide." Signora Normani.	*Rossini.*
Duetto—"Elisire d' Amore." Signori Onorato Leonardi and Montelli	*Donizetti.*

PART II.

Grand Duetto—"Norma." Signora Normani and Madame Lebrun de Montreal.	*Bellini.*
Air—"L'Ange déchu." Signor Montelli	*Vogel.*
Grand Fantasia—"I Puritani." Miss Emily Newcombe.	*Thalberg.*
Brindisi—(Il Segreto)—"Lucrezia Borgia." Madame Lebrun de Montreal.	*Donizetti.*
Aria—(Spirito Gentile)—"Favorita." Signor Onorato Leonardi.	*Donizetti.*
Duo—(Dunque io Son)—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Signora Normani and Signor Montelli	*Rossini.*
Duo Brillant—Violin and Pianoforte. Miss Emily Newcombe and Mr. H. Reed	*Benedict* and *De Beriot.*
Grand Quartetto—(Chi mifrena)—"Lucia de Lammermoor." Signora Normani, Signori Onorato Leonardi, Montelli, and Bailini.	*Donizetti.*
Grand Finale—"Nabucodonosor." Signora Normani, Madame Lebrun de Montreal, Signora Amatta, Signori Onorato Leonardi, Montelli, Bailini, Lamberti, and Bartoli.	*Verdi.*

The trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, by Signora Normani, Onorato Leonardi, and Montelli, lost its effect in a concert room. Signor Montelli appears to have a powerful voice, and sings skilfully. A solo on the violin, (de Beriot), by Mr. H. Reed, was received with much applause. Then came a grand fantasia from the *Sonnambula*, by Miss Emily Newcombe, which I have rarely heard executed with more perfect precision and brilliant execution; I may add that this young lady possesses a most refined knowledge of music, and on the present occasion threw into her playing a volume of feeling, which gave the highest effect to her performance. She was most warmly encored when she played "Ye Banks and Braes," arranged by our talented countryman Vincent Wallace, which met with much the same enthusiasm.

In the second part, Signora Normani and Madame Lebrun de Montreal sung the popular duet, "Deh! con te li preradi," from *Norma*, which was but coldly received; then came another fantasia, by Miss Emily Newcombe, from *I Puritani*, which was received with the same cordiality as that of the *Sonnambula*, and was most deservedly encored, when she played "Souvenir de Di Capuletti," by Henri Rosellen. This composition requires the skill of an accomplished musician. I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Emily Newcombe's *debut* as a pianiste has been one of the most successful I have been present at for a long time. A duo brilliante—(Benedict and de Beriot), given by the talented young *debutante*, assisted by Mr. Reed, a violinist of considerable merit, finished her first evening's performance in public, and it must have been most satisfactory to her friends to have witnessed her efforts so completely crowned with success. The chorus in the last act of *Nabucodonosor*,

sung by all the principals of the concert, finished the performance, which, thanks to the *debutante*, was a most brilliant one.

T. C. G——.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A DRAFT from the operatic company of the Princess's Theatre have been here, and have lately performed a round of the popular operas at the Theatre Royal, with much success. The corps included Miss Louisa Pyne, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Corri, and Mr. W. H. Harrison.

On Monday, Mr. Harrison took his benefit, and gave us, for the first time in Dublin, Macfarren's new opera, *King Charles the Second*. From all that had been said in the London journals in praise of this work, a good deal of curiosity was excited amongst musicians and amateurs, and a treat of no common order was anticipated. Unfortunately for the anticipations of a large majority of the audience, the music was given on Monday night in a very mutilated state—so much so, indeed, as to nullify half the beauties of the opera. In the first place, *all the Queen's music was omitted*, and the music of Julian the Page, written for a deep contralto, *given to a high soprano*. On this account, the duet between the King and Queen, and the duet for Queen and Rochester were left out, as were the Queen's cavatina, and all her music in the grand sestet in the second act. Mrs. Weiss, whom I can recall to mind with some favour, when I heard her in the Queen at the Princess's, was entirely out of her element in Julian, and, I need hardly tell you, the exquisite music of the Page fell as flatly from her lips as if it were a very tyro who was singing it. It was certainly none of Mrs. Weiss's fault—there is not a note in her voice to suit the music. The beautiful ballad, "She shines before me like a star," so charmingly sung by Madame Macfarren, and which invariably elicited enthusiastic applause in London, was listened to with decided coldness; and that gem of a duet, "O blest are young hearts," failed of exciting any particular sensation. Now, these two *morceaux*, as everybody knows, were two of the great hits at the Princess's; and I am quite sure the audience of our Theatre Royal, on Monday night, were not so obtuse as not to have received them with a warmth and fervour correspondent to those of your London applauders, had they been given with the same delicacy and expression. This was certainly a great drawback to the success of the opera, and it appears something extraordinary that Mr. Harrison could not find a contralto to undertake the Page, and leave Mrs. Weiss alone in her glory in the Queen. We must not, however, overlook the fact, that it is to Mr. Harrison we are indebted for bringing forward an opera which has passed the ordeal of London and Continental criticism, which has been already adjudged as one of the most masterly works of modern times, and which has earned for its author a fame that cannot pale before that of any living composer.

For the sake of art, I should have greatly desired that Macfarren's splendid work had been given, at least, on its first performance in Dublin, with something neighbouring on completeness. Nevertheless, the Dublin audience has done it full justice. Almost every piece was received with great applause, and in three instances, the hearers were urged into a state of perfect enthusiasm: these were, the sea-song, "Nan of Battersea," the King's ballad, "My heart to thee flies home," and Fanny's romance, "A poor simple maiden am I." Nothing could surpass the delight manifested when these three pieces were sung, each of which was, as a matter of course, rapturously encored. The duet for the King and Rochester—a Rossinian inspiration—was loudly applauded, as were also the buoyant and hearty toast-song, "Here's to the maid with the love-laughing eye," Fanny's songs, "Hope and Fear alternate vieing," and "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?"—two of the very sweetest things I can remember in any opera—and the whole of the first finale, which runs over with beauties. I had a few words' talk with some of our *cognoscenti* after the performance, and they all seemed enraptured with the work, one of them emphatically declaring that *King Charles the Second* was the best opera since *Guillaume Tell*. Macfarren's name has been raised to an infinite height in public estimation since the production of his new opera; and it is to be hoped that he is now labouring at another work. From the success which attended *King Charles the Second*, we must look to the manager for the further producing this opera, and, in short, making it a stock work in his *repertoire*—nothing less shall or will content us.

There is one thing I have to tell you, which I am certain will grieve as well as surprise you. *The performance of* KING CHARLES THE SECOND *was not noticed in a single journal the next day.* What will you and your readers say to the Dublin Musical Press after that?* Why, they would yield you an elaborate and elongated notice of a Flotow exasperation, or one of Verdi's lyric growls, as, in your last number, you so happily denominated the works of young Italy's maestro. I have known them do it. Henceforth let the members of the musical press in Dublin be as nothing in the scale of critical existence. Let the gentlemen who have heretofore written on matters connected with music be no more believed—down with their authority!

I can speak very strongly in favor of the performance generally; I mean as regards the impression awakened in the audience—I myself had heard and seen the opera before at the Princess's. Mr. Harrison was in excellent voice, and acted even with more spirit than I have seen him in London. This gentleman's comedy is very hearty, and he plays the assumed sailor with a degree of rough *bonhommie* that could hardly be surpassed. He was received with thunders of applause on his entrance, and was frequently cheered during the progress of the opera, in which the King is afforded ample opportunities of making points. Had Mr. Harrison appeared more than once in King Charles, he would have been a greater favorite than ever with the Dublin people.

Miss Louisa Pyne created a most favourable impression in Fanny. She had already established herself as an accomplished vocalist. Her first song, "Hope and Fear," is admirably adapted to exhibit the sweet quality of her voice and the perfect facility and brilliancy of her execution. She sang it most charmingly, and was honoured with a genuine burst of applause at the end. Her best effort was decidedly the "Poor simple maiden," which, as I have said above, created an enthusiastic sensation. Fanny was all-to-nothing Miss Louisa Pyne's best part during her engagement here, both vocally and histrionically. The music is peculiarly suited to her voice and style, and the character comes within the range of her dramatic powers. Her performance of Fanny is as nearly as possible perfect. Her Amina, in the *Sonnambula*, has been greatly lauded; but this is, I think, with due deference, a mistake. Miss Louisa Pyne is deficient in energy and *abandon*, nor has the power of voice sufficient for music that taxed the best efforts of a Malibran, a Persiani, and a Lind.

Mr. Weiss's Captain Copp was much liked. His "Nan of Battersea," very finely sung, was encored with raptures. The audience went into ecstacies with the melody of this splendid sea-song, than which Dibdin himself has written nothing more marine and characteristic.

Bating a slight want of the refinement of a courtier, so observable in the Rochester of Mr. Corri at the Princess's, that gentleman got on capitally with the audience. He was very good in the duet with the King.

The madrigal was one of the best done things in the opera. Mr. Harrison had the good fortune to obtain the assistance of between sixty and seventy of the members of the Dublin Madrigal Society for its performance, all of whom exerted themselves to the utmost in giving effect to one of the finest madrigals ever written. It was splendidly sung, and no one who heard it at the Princess's, with, perhaps, a score of voices, could have an idea of its power or its beauty interpreted as it was on Monday night. The effect was extraordinary.

Mr. Harrison and company are gone to Liverpool, where they intend giving operatic performances, making *King Charles the Second* their great feature, and which they did not do here, but should have done. I understand Mr. Harrison would have produced Macfarren's opera sooner at the Theatre Royal, but he found it impossible to procure a contralto; and was only induced to give

* Surely there must be some mistake here! The gentlemen of the Irish metropolitan press have never shown backwardness in acknowledging merit; nor does it seem within the range of possibility that such a work as *Charles the Second* could be overlooked altogether. There must be some strange mistake.—Ed. M. W.

it in its mutilated form for his benefit, thinking all sins would be forgiven on such an interesting occasion. I must acquit Mr. Harrison of all censure on that head. I hope the popular tenor may meet a suitable contralto in the English provinces, without whom the opera cannot possibly go satisfactorily, Jullian's music being all-important in the score.

We have this moment received the *Dublin Evening Packets* of the 27th ult., Thursday, which contains the following notice of the second performance of *King Charles the Second*, which we append to our correspondent's letter, as it tends to neutralise his sweeping animadversions against the whole of the Dublin Press. The statement, however, that "no notice appeared the day after the performance," if true, partly justifies the warmth of our correspondent.

"The new opera, *King Charles the Second*, was produced last night for the second time with increased success. It is the production of Mr. Macfarren, an English composer of the first rank, who has obtained a well-earned reputation from his former opera of *Don Quixote*, and various other works of high merit. His laudable object in the present composition seems to be to originate an English school of grand opera, and *Charles the Second* is, in our opinion, a most successful essay. The melodies, harmony, and scoring, are perfectly original, which may indeed be said of all music by the same composer. We regret that our confined space this evening prohibits an extended criticism, especially as the success of this opera was most decided in Dublin, and we have no doubt that even its present popularity will increase on each successive repetition. The first ballad 'She shines before me like a star,' (Mrs. Weiss,) is a charming, flowing melody. The duet (King and Rochester) which follows, is very original. 'Hope and fear,' the first song for Fanny, is a charming *morceau*, as also the duetto, 'Oh! blest are young hearts,' (Miss Pyne and Mrs. Weiss.) The finale to the first act, which is of unusual length, contains a continued flow of original melodies, harmonised in Mr. Macfarren's peculiarly novel and artistic style. The striking song and chorus, 'Here's to the Maid,' (Harrison,) which comes in the course of this finale, and also the beautiful quartett, 'Oh, father, prove not so unkind,' (Harris, Pyne, Weiss, and Mrs. Weiss,) met with a decided encore. 'Nan of Battersea,' (Weiss,) commencing the second act, was also called for a second time, as were 'Canst thou deem my heart is changing,' (Miss Pyne.) 'Though o'er life's pleasures,' (Harrison.) The madrigal, 'Maidens, would ye 'scape undoing,' and 'A poor simple maid,' (Miss Pyne.) Indeed, we do not remember to have heard so many encores in a new opera. A large portion of the audience, yesterday evening, consisted of the musical professors and amateurs of the city, and their gratification was repeatedly expressed. Much, as a matter of course, is due to the artistes, for whose powers the music is particularly well adapted. Miss Pyne acquitted herself in her usual highly finished, artistic manner, justifying amply the opinion of the *Musical World*, which pronounces her the English *prima donna*. Nothing can be chaster than her style, nor more brilliant and perfect than her execution. Our old favourite, Harsison, sustained fully his reputation, obtaining an encore in every song. His pure and beautiful tenor is characterised by even an increase of power and sweetness. Mr. Weiss has made rapid progress in his profession since we first heard him here some years since, having won, in the opinion of competent judges, the position of primo basso of the English opera; he also gives his music with artistic skill; and in his purely English ballad, obtained an encore. Mrs. Weiss, in the page, was all that could be wished for; her voice tells admirably in the concerted pieces; and in the song 'She shines before me,' she received well-merited applause. Mr. Corri, in Rochester, acquitted himself as usual, with talent and effect. Altogether the opera was admirably produced; and the orchestral arrangements, under the control of Mr. Levey, were, as they always are, perfect."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MARSEILLES.—(*Extract from a Letter.*)—Madame Montenegro, with Monsieur and Madame Santiago, made her first appearance here in *Norma* on Wednesday. The house was crammed in every part, and the heat seemed to give, if possible, additional excitement to the audience, who not only received these accomplished *artistes* with shouts of applause, but insisted on the opera being performed again on Friday, contrary to the previous arrangement of the management.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—I had hoped this week to have submitted to the readers of the *Musical World* a fresh subject for their consideration, regarding the Gregorian Chants; but chance has thrown in my way the April number of an ultra high church periodical, called *The Theologian and Ecclesiastic*, which contains a long article in defence of the Gregorian Chants, and in derogation of the Anglican, to which I would first beg to call the attention of your readers, as it is the latest illustration of any importance—and a very fair one it is—of the lengths to which the advocates of Gregorianism are prepared to go in defence of any position they may once take up. The most notable point in the article alluded to is, the attempt to rebut the position of the Anglicans, that the Gregorianisers have no sort of business with harmony to their chants, and that if they wish to be considered consistent, they must abandon all such, both choral and instrumental. How this position is met by the ecclesiastic, the following extracts will show:—

"In the use of the Gregorian tones, our writer" (the article professes to be a review of Mr. Monk's book) "tells us, that 'to be consistent, we must abandon all harmonies and instrumental accompaniments whatever, for these are utter novelties.' Why? We think no one would assert that the profusion of instruments of various degrees of compass, of widely different character, the multitude of voices of altogether different classes (in one place we read of four thousand, and at the restoration of the Temple, of three hundred and ninety-three, besides others), played and sung the same thing—*i. e.*, in unison. The diverse musical registers (both vocal and instrumental) that must have there been found makes such an idea most improbable."

I could not have imagined, had I not have read the above—every word of which, let it be observed, is put forth in doubt, as it could not be otherwise—that any writer would have ventured to adduce that greatness of numbers could indicate an harmonical performance, any more than that smallness of numbers could correctly intimate an unisonious performance of music. If the above off-handed inference be countenanced as a reasonable one, then some future *Ecclesiastic* would be equally justified, and equally correct, in asserting that the prevailing method of performing cathedral service in the middle of the nineteenth century was in unison; because on an average there was only about half-a-dozen adult male voices engaged in its daily celebration. How wide, however, such an assertion would be of the real truth, we all know; and it is equally beyond the power of contradiction, that the position of the *Ecclesiastic* is totally unsupported by historical evidence, and is, in fact, utterly opposed to the deliberate opinion of the best and most highly accredited authorities on the subject.

The next observation that is at all relevant to the subject is—"But as to harmony; there seems very good reason for supposing that harmony has from a very early period, among ourselves, been used with the tones. We have early traces of harmony found in the works of the Venerable Bede, at the latter part of the eighth century; also in Hubald or Hucbald, (880,) and others, &c. Now witness how dexterously the *Ecclesiastic* evades the very point he pretends to meet. From a random and truthless insinuation that harmony was used in the Temple, he jumps to the *eighth century*, before which time all authorities agree in asserting that *harmony did not exist*. But Anglicans must not allow themselves to be misled by anything of this kind. The question at present before the clergy and laity of the church is, did Pope Gregory leave the Gregorian Chants in a harmonious form, or did he not? Certainly not, and the writer in the *Ecclesiastic* is unable to say he did. Very well. Then the Anglicans are right after all, and the Gregorianisers fairly beaten out of the field; and the most satis-

factory proof of this is the elaborate and lame attempt made in the *Ecclesiastic* to shew the contrary.

All editions of the Gregorian chants, then, that give them in a harmonised form, truth still maintains to be unauthentic—spurious. Such versions obviously are Gregorian Chants *improved and* ANGLICISED in one of the most important particulars. When they are barred, and some of the notes either repeated or prolonged to admit of such phrasing, they are then Anglicised in *two* important particulars; in fact they then become almost identical with, and some of them nearly as good as, some of the Anglican Chants.

The most inconsistent thing, however, connected with this question is, that while the most incorrigible Gregorianisers will advocate the Anglicising of the Gregorian Chants in one respect, that is, in regard to harmony, they will not hesitate to denounce those who go farther in the spirit of improvement. But more of this next week.—Yours truly, and obliged,

July 2, 1850. AN ORGANIST.

P.S.—Every intelligent musician must agree with the artistic observations advanced by Dr. Dearle, a few weeks since, in reference to the character—or rather want of character—of much of the old service and anthem music. I would, however, beg to suggest that one subject only should be brought forward at a time. Let us first have tackled the Gregorian Chants and the old Scales, and then the merits of the sixteenth and seventeenth century compositions. Other and fuller remarks from such men as Dr. Deale, Mr. Flowers, &c., would be a real boon to the musical student.

FLOWERS *v.* ASPULL.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—Allow me to correct another of Mr. Aspull's untruths, propagated in the following gentle manner. "His generosity in *giving* to the Harmonic Sacred Society Bach's Mass is amply amplified; their *despair* in not being able to do it, and consequently compelled to return it to the illustrious donor—the affected patronage of Messrs. Costa and Sterndale Bennett, are beautifully illustrated." Bach's Mass in B minor is still in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and I trust this or some other of his noble works will be performed by this excellent society. As regards the latter portion of the above quotation, I may observe that, neither by circumstance nor character, have I any need to stoop to curry favour with any man, however readily such an idea may enter into the degenerate mind of Mr. Aspull; nor should I have stooped to allude to any part of this man's grandiloquent pickings from Howell, had he not (as is usual in all his silly personal letters) stooped to tell a falsehood. If he *could* answer the theoretical question I put to his equally facetious fellow-worker, "Dutch Pinks," he would look wiser than in looking and copying out great words with little sense in their application.—I am, sir, yours obliged, FRENCH FLOWERS.

ITALIAN OPERA AT PLYMOUTH.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—As I sing to please the public, I should not complain of your Plymouth correspondent for calling my performance "a sad failure," if he had not implied that the audience were not satisfied. During my engagement at Plymouth, I was encored every evening in my principal airs; and it would have been more honest in Mr. Charles de M—— to have mentioned this. But doubtless he has some purpose to serve in suppressing the truth, although I am unconscious of having deserved his hostility.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, O. LEONARDI.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

DEAR SIR,—I was very much amused by Dr. Gauntlett's eulogy of the Gregorian Chants, in one of your numbers for last April; and I thought it such an excellent text for a humorous discourse, that I put it away too carefully to find it again. Perhaps this has been a lucky accident. It has left room for dissertations on Gregorianism, which are temperate, judicious, and truthful.

Allow me, however, to make a few additional observations. In the first place, the really Gregorian Chants were jotted some ages before music was at all known as a science. In the course of time they have been so much exposed to the caprices and conceits of singers, copyists, harmonizers, and editors, that, although they remain sufficiently uncouth, their pristine asperities have been considerably effaced. The ecclesiastical tones are written in the Gregorian notation; and this is about all that there is in common between them. The ecclesiastical tones—those unrythmic distortions of natural music—are the contrivances of generations subsequent to the time of Pope Gregory.

Dr. Gauntlett asserts that Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., derived their best musical subjects from the Gregorian Chants. This assertion is about as true as that one person writing a letter must necessarily copy his ideas from a predecessor, who wrote by means of the same alphabetic characters, and by many of the same words. It is about as true as that man learned to sing from the singing-birds—they from the bellowing of the flocks and herds—and these again from—what?

It is quite true that Handel, &c., produced their required dramatic effects by imitations of the antiquated church-tones, with the same intention that the characters in the representations in Shakspere's plays are arranged in the supposed costumes of the ages and countries represented.

When the doctrines of the Church of England become such only as can be maintained by the "warranty of scripture," I hope we may have none but the purest and best music used for the important purposes of divine worship. In the meantime, let us have, for that important purpose, the best of music produced since the Reformation; and leave the rest of the music which has been written in spite of the prosody of our language, and the Gregorian Chants and ecclesiastical tones, to be used in places where the artfully-selected doctrines from the FATHERS are preferred to the at-large and pure christianity of the GRANDFATHERS, and to those who are indubitably manifesting their desire to return to the mediæval absurdities. Yours truly, J. M. X.

ASPULL *v.* FLOWERS.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—There *are* clever dogs in the world, deny it who may; perfect Tobys, in their way, for sagacity: they can read, yes, and write, and, if need be, can fetch or carry, fawn or snap. But "all the talents" in the art of vocal teaching seem to possess but the shadow of a braggadocia when compared with Mr. French Flowers' assumption of "all the talents" in vocal notes and vocal criticism!

> "As who should say, I am Sir Oracle—
> Let no dog bark,"

except the curs I keep to tend my heels, and be rewarded with sops of praise and puffery. His last letter provokes even *me*, Mr. Editor, his "wisest, best, discreetest friend." It is one of the most direct, or rather, one of the strongest examples of the puff-direct that ever disgraced the pages of even the most servile journal, and is a compound of trite, common-place trash, being nothing less than sheer nonsense, with desperate bad grammar to boot.

Ye matchless blacking manufacturers! ye Moses, Hyams, and Edes! ye makers of Macassar oil and curling fluids! ye inventors of razor strops and tooth powders! hide your diminished heads before this master-puffer of the age, though he has not shown you more than half his skill! Let it be proclaimed by the four winds of heaven, ye witless sons, ye race of the "art of vocalization," that the schoolmaster is abroad, birch in hand, and the march of intellect, headed by French Flowers, the spread of knowledge, and universal——humbug!

Hear him ("Strike, but hear me," said the Spartan youth), ye Crivellis, Garcias, Schirras, Negris, Marases, and Aspulls! "Cannot (says F. F.) *every* singer be taught to produce sounds, rapid and easy execution (!), shakes, and other musical graces? I boldly answer that all *this* can be acquired in *one year!*" Well may we scowl—*producers* (see F. F.) of ulcerated sore throats! enlarged tonsils and uvulas! continuous hoarseness of voice! difficulty of breathing! and, lastly, consumption! "Mercy on the man! what next?" Oh, ye Farinellis, Pacchierottis, and Porporas! what have ye not to answer for? Oh, sirs! past and present, F. F. says

"his blood is up! no sneers can put it down." And there is no knowing what this *flower* may do, for lo! he is the very *peony* of his class, mounted on the *stalk* of a *daffodil*, armed with a *rush*-spear, and sports a *tiger-lilly!* Beware, ye "*intelligent* and *observing* music sellers and publishers," of purchasing copyrights: I, who denounce the secret of the Italian school—proclaiming it no secret at all—I am about to publish it to all the world. Such is the evident tendency of this marvellous letter. "Look at my 'Essay on Fugue,' at once the wonder, the admiration, the envy, and *despair* of every musician who reads it. Look at my 'Essay on Cadence,' which has been *about* to appear for the last four years, and dedicated, by special permission, to the famous Dr. Spohr. Look at my mode of forming and developing the voice." But hear him. "As three months, not three years, is sufficient to make a student *now* to produce sounds (!), how to run (!!), and how to shake (!!!) after the Italian method, no master can justly complain of want of time, however often this may be urged as a loop-hole for defence." What on earth is this? Is it not positively revolting to humanity to witness such impalement—such self-immolation? And this is the language of one who would fain set himself as the very Aristarchus of the age musical! What grounds for argument does this worthy offer, who affects to write "for sake of argument," on things for which he has neither aptitude nor sympathy? The very language he uses would disgrace a fifth-form boy of nine years old; while the questions and remarks are equally jejune and puerile. They betray the grossest ignorance of the vocal in any of the languages he knows. He speaks of sounds, when he ought to produce *tone*, and is not aware that, in natural quality of tone, we English bear away the bell; but singing, as a gift, has been dealt to us by a niggardly and sparing hand. It is not my vocation to instruct this hop-skip-and-jump advocate of fugue essays, cadence pumping, or "singing-in-three-months" writer. But it is in my province to warn him that he is the greatest of all musical—pardon, I mean *un*musical—bores. I speak but the sentiments of your readers, individually and collectively, in wishing him in heaven, and his letters in *any* place but where they are.

In mercy, Mr. Editor, for the love of music, spare us the infliction of F. F.'s lucubrations, and oblige your well-wishers—of whom not one more zealously wishes the permanent success of the *Musical World* than your very faithful servant,

W. Aspull.

DUTCH PINKS *versus* FRENCH FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dutch Pinks presents his compliments to French Flowers' and begs to say, that he (D. P.) is happy that he cannot answer the question, as his ignorance may prevent him, at a future day, from making a pedantic ass of himself, or being mistaken for a monster humbug.

F. F. is misinformed. D. P. never said, privately, that F. F. carried his own advertising-board about the streets in the dress of a mountebank.

Dutch Pinks begs to ask French Flowers how many puff "contrivances in the *Musical World*" go to make a pupil?

Dutch Pinks, before writing further, would thank French Flowers to explain the sense in which he wishes the word "logic" and its derivations to be understood by those whom he nauseates in the *Musical World*.

As Dutch Pinks has a small portion of paper not filled up, he begs to congratulate French Flowers on the discretion he displays in the cautious manner in which he "beats about the bush" of the detail of singing, but cannot disguise his total ignorance of its principles; still it is not a bad advertisement that "three months (not three years) is sufficient to make a student understand how to *run* and *shake* after the Italian school,"—rather ambiguous expressions but not a bad puff. Perhaps F. F., as he pretends to be useful, will astonish D. P. by a little information as to the *secret* of the Italian school of singing; this question arises from D. P. having heard some of the pupils of F. F. sing. D. P. would prefer his questions being answered not according to F. F.'s notion of logic, as D. P. has a vulgar preference of common sense to empty twaddle.

REVIEW.

"*Madeline and the Bird.*" *A Double-Song. Translated from the German of* Reinick, *by* Desmond Ryan. *Music by* G. A. Mangold. *Sung by* Jenny Lind. Schott and Co.

This is one—the first, we believe—of a series of "Songs of Various Nations," brought out a short time since by the spirited publishers. The melody is very pretty and flowing, and happily written to the quaint sentiment of the words. The accompaniments are simple as may be, yet indicate the skill and feeling of a musician. The German words are presented with the translation. The fair vocalist should not be frighted from trying her efforts on this song because the Swedish Nightingale has sung it before; we can assure her, "Madeline and the Bird" is within the capacity of any moderate singer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Halle.—It has been rumoured that this classical pianist contemplates residing in London. At present Manchester is the place of his residence, and we compliment the merchant-princes of that manufacturing town on having so great an artist among them.—*Ella's Record.*

Madame Pasta.—This great artist has at length consented to appear in public. She will play in *Anna Bolena*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and will sing in two concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre and at the Royal Italian Opera.

Haymarket Theatre.—Mr. Webster, who as lessee of the Haymarket Theatre has preserved its character through all sorts of contending circumstances, and has always been foremost to encourage the dramatists of this country, will take his benefit on Monday next, under the patronage of Her Majesty.

Miss Anne Romer.—This talented young artist, whose singing has lately drawn such warm eulogium from our Liverpool correspondent, made her London *debût* on Wednesday, at the Surrey Theatre, and was highly successful. We shall notice her performance at length in our next.

St. Martin's Hall.—A performance of unaccompanied choral music, by the members of Mr. Hullah's Upper Singing School, and under the conduct of that gentleman, took place on Tuesday night in the large room of this new building. The programme was divided into two parts; the first consisting wholly of sacred, the second of secular music. The selection of sacred pieces was somewhat dull, although historically instructive. A hymn by John Bishop, a *credo* by Antonio Lotti, and an anthem by Reynolds, served for little more than to demonstrate the poor invention of their respective composers. A madrigal by Palestrina, a canon by Horsley, a *motet* by Ziegarelli, and an *introit* by Mr. Hullah himself, were more interesting, inasmuch as in all of them there was more or less evidence of that feeling for continuous melody which is altogether wanting in so many of the most vaunted composers for the church. The second part of the programme, however, was on the whole much more to our taste, and apparently to that of the audience. It began with a richly melodious part-song, in E flat, of Mendelssohn, "O hills, O dales of pleasure," in which a fine effect of mellowness is produced by the almost constant employment of the medium register of the voices. This was admirably sung. Wilbye's madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," one of the most famous masterpieces of its school, was less happy in the execution; before the end the voices had descended nearly a semitone below the original key—G minor. Stafford Smith's somewhat antiquated part-song, "Hark the hollow woods," and a very stiff and pedantic madrigal in B flat, by Francis Hutchinson, "Return my lovely maid," were both very well sung, and uniformly in tune; the former was loudly applauded. Another beautiful part-song of Mendelssohn, in E flat, for male voices, "For the woods at morn I yearn," the words of which, by Mr. Chorley, have quite a taste of the old poetry in them, was executed to the nicest perfection, and received with unanimous favour. Lord Mornington's well-known glee, "Here, in cool grot," was encored, and Morley's quaint madrigal, in G, "Now is the month of May," narrowly escaped the same compliment. The performance terminated with a cleverly-written part-song, in F, by Mr. Hullah, "Pack clouds away," the words by Thomas Heywood, which left the audience well satisfied with their evening's amusement. Mr. Hullah would do wisely to

give an annual series of these entertainments. He has the means immediately at hand, and living composers, with such a chance of being favourably heard, might turn their knowledge to account in the renewed cultivation of a fine school of music which has unhappily fallen into decay.

Jenny Lind has just given six concerts at Stockholm, in aid of the pension fund for the wives and orphans of the performers at the Theatre Royal of that city. The clear profit has amounted to upwards of sixty thousand francs.

Signor Brizzi's Concert.—The *matinee musicale* of Signor Brizzi took place on Friday (yesterday week), at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street, and was attended by a fashionable and distinguished audience. Signor Brizzi is well known and highly esteemed as a professor of the vocal art, and his annual concert has for many years been among the most attractive entertainments of its kind. The programme of Friday's performance was, as usual, rich in eminent names. The music was exclusively vocal, but the selection was varied and interesting, and the artists engaged were of the first rank. Mesdames Grisi and Castellan, Mademoiselles Angri and De Meric, Signors Mario, Tamberlik, Gardoni, Belletti, Tamburini, Colletti, Ciabatta, R. Costa, and S. Tamburini were the vocalists. The concerted pieces included two quartets—"Cielo il mio labbro," by Madame Castellan, Mdlle. de Meric, Signors Colletti and R. Costa; and Costa's "Ecco quel fiero," by the same, with the substitution of Signor Brizzi for Signor R. Costa—and two trios—Ricci's "La scena," by Signors Tamberlik, Ciabatta, and Colletti; and the slow movement from the grand trio of *Guillaume Tell*, by Signors Tamberlik, Colletti, and Tamburini. All these were effectively executed, especially the last, in which the sympathetic voice and passionate style of Signor Tamberlik created quite a sensation, and won an encore for the whole movement. There were several duets. Rossini's "Ai capricci' was given with great spirit by Mademoiselle Angri and Signor S. Tamburini; the popular "Parlar spiegar" (*Mose*) was sung to perfection by Signors Tamberlik and Tamburini; the "Tornami a dir" (*Don Pasquale*), which Signor Brizzi had the honour of singing with Madame Grisi, was encored; and a duet from *Roberto Devereux*, admirably rendered by Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, was received with flattering marks of approval. Among the solos were "No, no, no," from the *Huguenots*, in which Mdlle. Angri displayed great animation and vocal facility; an aria by Rossini, "Andremo noi a Parigi," sung with charming taste by Madame Castellan; the same composer's "Pensa alla patria," which brought out Mademoiselle de Meric's energetic manner of singing in advantageous prominence; and Meyerbeer's sparkling canzonet, "Le chanson de Mai," in which Signor Mario exhibited the mellow richness of his voice, and the refinements of his fascinating method, with singular effect. In response to a unanimous call for repetition, the great tenor sang the "Angiol d'amore," from Donizetti's *La Favorita*, with that true and unexaggerated expression which so peculiarly belongs to him. At the end of the concert Signors Gardoni and Belletti arrived, having been detained by a rehearsal at her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Gardoni sang one of his favourite romances in his most graceful and prepossessing manner, and also a duet with Signor Belletti, both of which were received with well-merited applause. Instead of the final quartet and chorus, announced in the programme, the national anthem was performed, Madame Castellan, Madame Grisi, and Mademoiselle Angri singing the principal verses with great point and energy, the chorus consisting of Mademoiselle de Meric, Signors Mario, Tamberlik, Gardoni, Tamburini, Belletti, Colletti, R. Costa, Ciabatta, and S. Tamburini, accompanied by the major part of the audience. The conductors at the pianoforte were Signors Alary, Vera, Pinsutti, Biletta, and Pilotti. The concert gave unqualified satisfaction.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin's Concert.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A very attractive morning concert, both as regards the selection of music and artists engaged, was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin at the Hanover Square Rooms. The *beneficiaires* are well known as being two of our best professors of singing; the lady being professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music, and Mr. W. H. Seguin as holding the appointment of principal bass singer at the Temple Church. Among their principal efforts may be enumerated the interesting duet of Mehul's, "Dear Child of Hope," which was admirably sung, and Rossini's air, "Sorgete," which gave Mr. Seguin an opportunity of displaying the flexibility of his vocal organ. This gentleman is one of our most sterling and praiseworthy bass singers. Mrs. Seguin's rendering of Mozart's charming duet, "Crudel perche," proved herself a first-rate musician and accomplished artist. The other performers were M. Thalberg (a host in himself), Misses Lucombe and Williams, Madame Lablache, Sims Reeves, Benedict, Benson, Chatterton, B. Richards, and Hekking. Sir H. R. Bishop presided at the pianoforte.—[In a brief notice of the above given last week, it was stated that the rooms were scantily attended. "Scantily" was somehow misprinted for "elegantly." Justice calls upon us to make the *amende*. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin had a crowded and elegant attendance at their concert. —Ed. *M. W.*]

Miss Hinckesmann's last concert took place on Monday evening at Sussex Hall. The principal vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. W. H. Seguin. The concert was well attended. Conductor, Mr. Lavenu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.—We have much pleasure in announcing, for the information of our readers, that on Monday, the 8th of July next, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will commence a brief engagement in the city of the violated treaty, under the management of Mr. Joy, of whose efficiency our Limerick and Cork friends had ample proof during the visit of Miss Hayes. They will open with the tragedy of the *Gamester*, Mr. Beverley being sustained by Mr. Kean, Mrs. Beverly by Mrs. Kean, and Stukely by Mr. John W. Calcraft, the gifted manager of our Theatre Royal. The *Wife's Secret*, *Hamlet*, *Strathmore*, and *King Rene's Daughter*, will then be presented in succession, all supported by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. Calcraft, and the first talent of this city. After about a week in Limerick, Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and the very efficient company under Mr. Joy, will proceed to Cork, where a series of most attractive performances will be presented, and in a style fully as excellent as ever characterised our metropolitan managemen.—*Limerick Paper.*

Herr Dreyschock, the celebrated pianist, leaves London for Prague this day.

Madame Oury's Matinee.—Madame Oury, a pianist of high reputation, provided an agreeable programme of vocal and instrumental music for her friends and admirers at her annual *matinée musicale* on Monday. She was assisted by artists of eminence in every department, including Mesdemoiselles Parodi and Ida Bertrand, Madame Giuliani, Signors Gardoni, Brignoli, Ciabatta, Belletti, and M. Jules Lefort (vocalists), M. Godefroid (harp), Signor Piatti (violoncello), M. Oury (violin), and M. Vivier (horn). Madame Oury performed Mendelssohn's *Andante con variazioni*, for piano and violoncello, with Signor Piatti; the *adagio* and *finale* from a trio of De Beriot, with M. Oury (violin) and Signor Piatti (violoncello); a *duo concertante*, for piano and violin, with M. Oury; and a *nocturne* and *valse* of her own composition, in all of which she exhibited the brilliant execution and energetic style which have placed her among the best lady-pianists of the day, and in all of which she elicited the warmest applause. M. Godefroid played his sparkling *caprice*, "*Le Reve des Fées*," in such a style as fully to support the position, unanimously accorded him since the death of Parish Alvars, of the first harpist in Europe. It is not only to his extraordinary mechanism that M. Godefroid owes his fame; he is a musician of eminent acquirements, and knows how to produce the greatest variety of effect in his compositions, which abounds no less in skilful contrivances addressed to the appreciation of musicians, than in *tours de force*, that, from their *ad captandum* character, are calculated to please and attract the many. M. Godefroid's performance was honored by the most flattering tokens of approval. We can only notice the principal features of the vocal department. The most interesting was a new *romanza*, "La plainte," with horn *obbligato*, the composition of M. Vivier, who himself accompanied Signor Gardoni. This *romanza* merits notice, not merely because it is graceful, and, as might be expected from M. Vivier's musical knowledge, combines the voice and the instrument in a natural and effective manner, but because its melody and form are equally original, equally distinct from the commonplaces with which the shelves of our music warehouses are deluged. Signor Gardoni sang it to perfection, and the tones of the instrument, of which M. Vivier is so accomplished a master, mingled

most happily with the mellow voice of the favorite tenor. M. Vera played the pianoforte accompaniment admirably, and the *romanza* was redemanded by the whole room, and repeated with increased effect. M. Jules Lefort, a French barytone, has produced a favorable sensation in several concerts this season; he has a very agreeable voice, full-toned and flexible, and his singing, which is remarkably unaffected, has all the beauties, with none of the ordinary defects, of the French school. Among the most pleasing of his romances are "Petit Enfant" (Quidant), and "Loin de sa mère" (Henrion), both of which were inserted in the programme on this occasion. Mademoiselle Parodi's spirited *romanza*, "Ho tanta fame," was also among the best points of the vocal programme. We should have specially mentioned the clever playing of M. Oury, husband of the fair concert-giver, on the violin, in the duet and trio with Madame Oury. The performance gave the utmost satisfaction to a numerous and fashionable audience.

SHAKSPERE A LA FRANÇAISE.—To some tastes Shakspere, like railway accounts, must be cooked in order to be made pleasant. On the occasion of some recent festivities, M. Soyer, as we learn from the *Morning Post*, produced an invention in gastronomy. Our contemporary informs us that "the new culinary innovation" (a rather peculiar kind of innovation that must be), "was named *Croustade Shakspearienne à la Halévy Scribe.*" *Croustade*, friend Soyer? Ought'nt it to have been *salmi?* Surely, if you meant to concoct a Shaksperian dish in the style of Scribe and Halevy, you should have made a hash of it.—*Punch.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADAME PASTA.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LA TEMPESTA.

IT is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 11TH, 1850,

When will be presented the highly successful New Grand Opera by HALEVY, the Poem by SCRIBE, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKSPEARE, and composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, entitled

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The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.
The Costumes executed under the superintendence of Madame COPERE.

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Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Stephano	Mdlle. PARODI.
Sycorax	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	Madame GIULIANI.
Ariel	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	Sig. LABLACHE.
and	
Miranda	Madame SONTAG.

After which, a SELECTION from DONIZETTI's celebrated Opera,

ANNA BOLENA.

Anna Bolena — Madame PASTA,
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Jane Seymour — Madlle. PARODI.
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EXTRA NIGHT.

THURSDAY, JULY 11th.

Last Night of

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FRIDAY,

MORNING CONCERT.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.

Miss LESLIE's FIRST ANNUAL CONCERT,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 10th, to commence at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists—Mesdames Alexander Newton, Zimmerman, E. Pitt, Chandler, L. Stuart Leslie, and L. Pitt, Messrs. Bridge Frodsham, Drayton, Mengis, and F. Bodda.

Instrumentalists—Miss Eliza Ward, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. R. Blagrove, and Master J. Ward.

Conductor—Herr Anschuez.

Tickets, 2s. and 3s. 6d.; to be had at the Hall, of the Music Sellers, and of Miss Leslie, at her residence, 47, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

MADAME DE LOZANA'S ANNUAL CONCERT,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 17th July, at the ROYAL SOHO THEATRE, 73, Dean Street, to commence at 8 o'clock. Madame de Lozana will introduce during the Concert some new Spanish Songs. Particulars will be duly announced.

Private Boxes, £3 3s.; Stalls, 8s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 8s. 6d.; Pit, 5s.; Gallery, 2s.; to be had at Madame de Lozana's residence, 11, Burton Street, Eaton Square, or at the principal music sellers.

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